

2<sup>d</sup>

*Civitas Militaris.*

O R, A

POEM

ON THE

City Royal Regiment

O F

HORSE.

---

By *JOHN TUTCHIN*, Gent.

---

*Non exercitus, neq; Theſauri præſidia regni ſunt;  
Verum amici. Saluſt. in Bell. Jugurth.*

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for *Langly Curtis*, at *Sir Edmund-Bury-  
Godfry's-Head*, near *Fleet-Bridge*. 1689.  
30. 0 ch 6.

CHURCH

POPE

ON THE

CITY OF ROME

HOLY

TO THE

THE

THE

Printed at the Press of the  
Catholic Missionary Society  
No. 10, South Street, New York

*Civitas Militaris.*

O R, A

POEM

ON THE

City Royal Regiment

O F

HORSE.

THE *Roman* Gallantry long since retir'd,  
 Its City Valour in its Flames expir'd ;  
 But *London's* Fame Immortal Glory bears,  
 Preserv'd from wasting Age, and Flames, and Wars ;  
 Yet though we can a new built City show,  
 We had our *Neroes*, and damn'd *Prætors* too,  
 Who with the Tyrant Element Conspir'd,  
 And with resistless Rage our City Fir'd :

FINIS

A 2

But

But as the Deluge did o'reflow the Earth,  
 Only to give a better World a Birth,  
 So from devouring Flames, once caus'd our fear,  
 New Houses, and bright Pyramids appear;  
 And Warlike Youths, for mighty Deeds arise,  
 Their Cities Glory, and their Nations Prize.

Such, such are you, you Mighty Sons of *Mars*,  
 The Happy Omens of succeeding Wars!  
 In Bloody Fields, the surest Conquest falls,  
 Where Heroes March, and Kings are Generals.  
 No greater Patriot Mankind could Espouse;  
 Great is your Leader, and as good your Cause:  
 Tyrants have oft whole Provinces Subdu'd,  
 And in their Subjects Blood their Hands Imbru'd.  
 Our King does Regal Clemency impart;  
 A King that's after God's and's Peoples Heart.  
 Methinks I see him Landing on the Strand,  
 Lord of the Ocean first, and then of Land;  
 Fame runs before him like the Morning-Star,  
 And tells his Skill, and Mighty Feats in War:  
 The Mighty *Nassau* shews his Goodness forth;  
 The Mighty Nations all Applaud his Worth:  
 The Nobler Citizens themselves present,  
 To Guard his Person, and his Government.  
 No Hireling Souldiers for their Countries good,  
 But freely spend their Treasure as their Blood;  
 Unlike the Gloomy Days we lately saw,  
 When Sovereign Will devour'd the Peoples Law;  
 When *Irish Teagues* were by its Bounty fed,  
 Hir'd to Cut Throats, and Murder for their Bread.  
 Now a Serener Ray of Bliss appears,  
 After a Series of sad rowling years:  
 Our Prince shall be in Story much Renown'd,  
 And's City Combatants with Laurels Crown'd,

Whilst

Whilst Youthful Blood and Vigour swell our Veins,  
 And Chivalry's the Theam of Nobler Pens;  
 Whilst in the Field the Martial Heroe walks,  
 Of Wars fierce God, and Blood and Slaughter talks;  
 Whilst Warlike Steeds beat with their Hoofs the Ground,  
 And Neigh and Prance, to the Shrill Trumpets sound;  
 In every Clime, where Heat and Cold do waste,  
 Our Mighty Warriours and their Fame shall last.  
 Our little *London*, on the *Irish* Coast,  
 Can Mighty Wonders, and Brave Actions boast:  
 There Warlike *Baker* a firm Bulwark stood,  
 Gainst *French* and *Irish*, an *Augean* Brood.  
 The Mighty *Baker* is in War Renown'd,  
 With deathless Wreaths, and lasting Lawrels Crown'd;  
 The Mighty *Baker* is the Muses Theam,  
 My daily Subject, and my nightly Dream;  
 Skill'd in the Arts, that do to War belong,  
 Soft were his Passions, as his Hand was strong:  
 But cursed Fate! we paying Tribute, come  
 To his Immortal Worth, and to his Tomb!  
 Ah! Partial Destiny! Thou tookst the best;  
 Thou Lop'st the Heroe, and thou sav'st the Priest!  
*Baker* obtain'd an Everlasting Name,  
*Walker* was only Heir to his Fame.

If little *London* such great Trophies gains,  
 For greater *London*, what just praise remains?  
 In this good Soil, how many Warriours grow?  
 How many Glorious *Bakers* can we show?  
 Though loss of Charters might deject the mind,  
 Yet ev'n when Slaves, we could true Courage find;  
 And when a Papist had forsook the Throne,  
 We gave a Juster Monarch the lost Crown.  
 With Generous Rage, and Manly Virtue Arm'd,  
 With Kingly Goodness, and the Souldier Charm'd,

We sit securely underneath his Shade,  
And prop the Righteous King our Hand have made.

Hail Happy Monarch! Leader in our Tears,  
And Partner of our Joys, and of our Fears!  
Lead on, we'll follow to the utmost bound,  
Where Danger's seen, and Grizly Death is found;  
Through Winters Frost, through driven Snow and Dirt,  
Where Marching's tedious, and the days but short:  
Where no Provision's found to cheer our Swords,  
But what the Hedges and the Brook affords.  
Let *Tories* Snarle, and view the envied Crown,  
You may dissolve their Malice in a frown;  
And if the Gangrene should too far o'respread,  
Bring down the Royal Thunder on their Head.  
Our Trusty Swords are keen, prepared all  
To Guard your Life, or to Revenge your fall,  
On *Rome's* black Agents, the *Egyptian* Sots,  
Their Poisonous Draughts, and *Brandy-Bottle* Plots.  
He's *Belzebubs* own Child, who not content,  
Does hate his King, and curse his Government:  
In times large Chronicles, we cannot find  
Men hated Kings for being good and kind,  
But these disown the very Act they've done;  
And who misl'd the Father, would the Son.

Unhappy *James*! Undone by Knaves and Beasts;  
He never thriv'd was Influenc'd by Priests:  
When thou with Foreign Troops so much wast scar'd,  
How well their boasted Loyalty appear'd?  
Tho' by thy breach of Statute-Law they thriv'd,  
And on the Ruine of their Country liv'd,  
In times of Danger, left thee to the Rage  
Of Injur'd Subjects, nothing could assuage;  
From Ease, from Pleasure, and from Empire torn,  
By all Deserted, and alone forlorn:

Unpitied

Unpitied by his Friends, does groveling lye,  
The poor Remains of Tyrant Monarchy.

Thus have I known a well-fed Race of Mice,  
Within some Regal Dome keep Paradise,  
Feed on the daintiest Cates, the Wheat and Pease,  
*Westphalia*-Bacon, and fat *Cheshire*-Cheese,  
But when they find the House begin to fall,  
And spye the flaws, and view the tottering Wall,  
By Natural Instinct, caution'd of their stay,  
Forewarn'd in time, they wisely run away,  
Mourning the Bread and Cheese they now must loose,  
But more the Fate of the declining House.

Our Prince a better Fate must sure attend,  
Whom willing Subjects at their charge Defend;  
Tyrants can't force a Regiment for the Wars,  
Our King Commands large Troops of Volunteers.  
Such once our former Monarchs did attend,  
And from Invading Foes the Land Defend:  
Hail, Mighty Warriours! Heaven direct your Course,  
Each Man a Knight, a *Pegasus* each Horse;  
Sworn to Destroy the Holds of Hell and *Rome*,  
For better Ages, and brave Times to come;  
When Peace and Plenty shall surround our Shore,  
And Defunct Tyrants shall be seen no more:  
When Hells devouring Womb shall be quite fill'd,  
With the fat Sacrifice your Swords have kill'd:  
Then you returning from the Scenes of Wars,  
Adorn'd with VVounds, and Beautify'd with Scars,  
Shall by the numerous Crowd receive Applause,  
And tender Virgins bless you as you pass:  
The Ransom'd Nations shall Exalt your Praise,  
Structures of Marble to your Fame shall raise.

F I N I S.